

FRANCE TO PREVENT DEPOPULATION PAYS CASH FOR BABIES

Paris.—There is a tragic hole-in-the-wall in every ward of Paris.

It is a kind of low window, without glass, in the side facade of the local public charities establishment. Looking at it, you perceive it ends in a closed wooden box, movable and disconnected with the wall inside. It looks like a dumb-waiter or dish-elevator.

It is a dumb-waiter—not for dishes, but for babies! Up the dark side street there comes a wretched mother. What shall she do with the infant in her arms? She has reasons not to answer questions. She shrinks from investigation. Shall she put baby on a doorstep?

No; everybody in Paris is aware of the strange, sacred hole-in-the-wall of the Assistance Publique.

She waits until there is not a soul in the dark side street. She walks up to the dumb-waiter. It is at the height of mother's waist.

She shifts baby to it. She hesitates. It must be done. She pulls a bell rope. No bell is heard; but the dumb-waiter slides to one side—and the baby disappears!

Perhaps the poor mother stands and looks a moment at the hole. All she can see is just another waiting box space—the size of another baby. It is waiting for another baby. But, inside the Assistance Publique, she knows her infant is already warm and fed and cared for.

There, inside, a bell is ringing. Dring! dring!

Saving a Life For France.

"Hey, there, a baby's come! Oust! quicker than that!" calls the greffier from his little office. Nurses flit to the hole in the wall—there is a life to save for France. They lift the sliding box's lid; and baby looks up at its new protectors.



Scene in the Nursery During a 10-Minute "Mother's Spell."

It is the oldest, most primitive, and sure method for combating French depopulation. Infant mortality, which is greatest between the ages of one day and six weeks, wastes needlessly over 150,000 babies in France each year!

There are better ways; for France is waking up. I have seen extraordinary efforts, patriotic, touching, lovable, in hardened Paris business men—we are in 1907!

"Monsieur, I want work."
"Have you a baby?"
"No, monsieur."

"No, no place. Look in later." It was at the greffe of a great Paris shirt factory. Young women were coming and going, early on a Saturday

morning, at the hour for engaging hands.

"Monsieur, I want work," said another.

"Have you a baby?"
"Ye-es, monsieur."
"All right. Come Monday morning. Bring the baby."

I myself would scarcely have believed it if I had not heard it with my own ears; but this is Paris in 1907—no isolated case, as I have learned since, but a factory practice, growing, growing with the beautiful ardor of a patriotic, spontaneous movement! How long ago was it that the charge of an infant positively injured a woman's chances of employment? Certainly it was but yesterday that uncumbered girls had preference. Now girl mothers, even, go before them!

Rooms Always Waiting.

I saw the babies in the shirt factory's nursery, 140 babies from three years (a few among the eldest) down to three weeks. That was three weeks ago. There must be new ones. Because this extraordinary shirt factory has three sunny bedrooms always waiting at the disposition of prospective mammas.

A capable young doctor is employed by the year to spend half his time in the nursery. Ten maids manage to do all the work, including every baby's daily bath—this with the help of mothers, who have the right to slip in four times a day, ten minutes each, in alphabetic order; and the 30 minutes aggregated outside the visit of the lunch hour are not deducted from their pay.

"What does the factory give the babies?" I asked the young doctor.

"Sterilized, non-tuberculous milk when their mothers cannot nurse them; all their first baby clothing, baths, hygienic surroundings, medical

attendance, pure air, sunlight, warmth, safety—*quell!* the only things a baby needs! Apart from these things the establishment favors mothers!"

"How?"

"Had you seen two girls I saw last week, you'd be surprised," he answered. "Both were marriages at the Mairie, very affecting; but as I assisted at the preliminaries of one in particular, I have conceived a great admiration for the proprietor of this factory. To look at him you would imagine him a hard-headed, cynical business man, you would certainly have been astonished at the tact and patience he employed to persuade a wayward youth to make the mother of his babe a wife. (I refer to the youth's babe, of course). Two philanthropists, a young widow and a discreet retired

business man, friends of the boss, spend their time visiting the homes of our work women and girls."

"How are those with babies favored?" I insisted.

"Aided to respectability."

"Secretly. Winter jackets. The coal supply attended to. The landlord tranquilized about the rent—and indoctrinated of his duty not to discriminate against children in his house. Furthermore, he is informed that the girl-mother is at once man's victim and the state's creditor. Instead of being cold-shouldered, she should be aided to marriage, when possible—but always to hold up her head!"

"How?"

"Well, what is the matter with supplying her with a filled-gold wedding ring to display on the proper finger? And why shouldn't her landlord instruct his janitor to speak of her as a young wife whose energetic husband has preceded her to Algiers, there to found a home? Or, if she prefers, a widow? We are not hidebound partisans of the impossible, like the Societe de la Charite Maternelle!"

That rich and powerful society—first of its kind to help young mothers and founded as early as 1784—acts on the principle of rendering girl-mothers peculiarly attractive. Its vast influence is exercised in every ward of Paris; and its unique gesture is to offer money inducements to young men to marry their victims—in a country like France, where the "inquiry into paternity" much more the swearing of a baby, is not enforceable by law. On condition that they marry, the Charite Maternelle will lavish attentions on the couple; but, as the young shirt-factory doctor points out, the girl being nearly always willing, why should she and the baby lose their chance to patronage by the backwardness of an uninterested third party?

What Paris has neglected—because modern maternity science had not sufficiently insisted on it—Nancy inaugurated by enlarging and municipalizing the private Ouvre de la Maternite of Prof. Alphonse Herrgott, called "Baby's Smile."

Prof. Herrgott was convinced that the only way to combat the phenomenal infant mortality of France was to prevent any separation of the mother and her unweaned child.

"If I give money at the start," he argued, "how will it be employed? Will I get results? No."

Therefore he said to each mother quitting his Maternity hospital:

"Nurse your babe from your breast; and in six weeks come back and see me. The babe will be weighed and examined. If it is in fine condition, I'll give you \$20 cash."

It was the first cash for babies in France!

And the results were magical. In course of time Prof. Herrgott had so many mothers proudly bringing him their superb babies—and demanding money at each weighing—that the private fortune of the good man melted. Fortunately private donations and substitutes from the department came to his aid. Now the municipality has it in hand; the work extends over all Nancy, where the infant mortality has fallen to three and one-half per cent.—lower than in the rich wards of Paris, where five per cent. was considered phenomenal.

Paris Takes Up Work.
In Paris the work has been taken



up by the Allaitement Maternel—"The Mothers' Nursing"—to which in the last ten years of his life Casimir-Perier gave much of his energies and considerable sums of money and which Senator Plot would possibly select as a nucleus for his great system in which the state is to pay cash for the babies.

You have doubtless heard of French depopulation; but only figures can bring home to you the long-gathering result of concentrated French civilization—mingling stresses of economy and luxury! According to the department infant mortality varies between 28 per cent. and 80 per cent.

Convinced of the startling truths of the Nancy experiment, the founders of the Allaitement Maternel are demanding money to do for all the poor or working mothers of Paris what my shirt factory is doing for its hands and what the "Baby's Smile" is doing for the mothers of Nancy—giving cash for babies.

Senator Plot's Good Work.

In the French senate there is a man who already forced the general government to begin handing good money to families of five children. This is Senator Edme Plot, a highly remarkable personality.

Son of a Burgundian family so poor that he was kept from school to work in the fields, he broke stone on the highways and worked over all France as a navvy; but as early as 1854 he was taking small contracts on his own account; and he finally became the greatest of all French railway contractors.

Becoming very rich, Senator Plot has made himself famous throughout all Burgundy by a special kind of liberality—the financial helping of poor parents.

Actually, he is the great authority on depopulation; president of the senate committee relative to subsidies which the law already permits to be granted to communes for distribution to families of five and more, and author and untiring pusher of a bill for the subventioning of every mother of a newborn child.

"You ask working mothers to suckle their babes for a full year—to give you population!" he says. "What have they the right to ask of you? Cash, cash! Give cash for babies!"

The First Six Weeks.

France will do it—if only on the evidence of the "Baby's Smile" of Nancy.

"Why did I stipulate for a first delay of six weeks?" explained Prof. Herrgott the other day to a rich and influential Paris audience. "And why is the work called the 'Baby's Smile'? First, because infant mortality is most frequent between the ages of one day and six weeks. And, secondly, because it is during the sixth week that the first smile appears on baby's lips!"

"Do you not know that? Well, when a mother has fed baby at her breast until the epoch when she sees that smile appear, baby is saved. No bottle for him! He will not be abandoned either by mother or breast."

"On condition that the mother has the means to keep her baby with her," interrupted one of the vice presidents.

"What are \$20 bills for?" snorted the professor. "Senator Plot is short of every mother is a creditor of the state. Pay your creditors—it is always a good investment. Yes, pay cash for babies."—Sterling Heilig in New York Press.

MYSTERY OF POOL SOLVED.

But Party of Fishermen Nearly Lost the Best of Their Catch.

On the shore of beautiful, crystal Rainbow lake, in Maine, is a magnificent spring, bubbling up through the sand in a stream almost four inches across. The water is held in a basin, and a party of bankers and business men, out for a fishing trip, camped close by this spring, and utilized the overflow to make a pool in which to store their trout as fast as caught, against the day of their departure.

Day after day they went forth to fish, and when they paddled back to the landing, several of the trout would be "planted" in the pool, till nearly 100 dandies, running from a pound and a half to two pounds, swam lazily about in the cool water, or hid under the tufts of grass that bordered the little basin.

When they came to collect the fish and pack them away for the trip out, there was a strange shortage, and only about 60 or 70 fish could be

found. These were taken out, killed and packed, and the party had gone to the canoes, but one man still stood and looked at that pool; wondering how those fish escaped—for he supposed they had jumped the little dam and gone into the lake.

As he looked at a stump on the farther side of the pool he thought he saw something move, and, yielding to an inspiration, he rolled up his sleeve, thrust in his arm and found beneath that stump a deep hole that was fairly alive with active, wriggling trout, some of the finest of the catch.

Out of that hole he pulled 20 of as handsome fish, as Rainbow ever gave up, and the mystery was solved. The flowing water had gradually worn a place out beneath the stump, but it was so done that, had he not seen that fish's head move in the water beneath, these trout would never have taken the journey to Bangor.—Boston Herald.

If people try to keep you from it, there's a heap of fun in doing things you don't like to do.

THE BEST HE COULD GET.

Amateur Gardener Could Not Understand Why Seeds Did Not Sprout.

The woes of the amateur gardener are very amusing to others, but decidedly real to the man who has spoiled a suit of clothes, blistered his hands and lost his temper in his efforts to make things grow.

A young man, recently married, early in the spring secured a suburban place, mainly with the idea of "fresh, home-grown vegetables." Every evening he would hurry through his supper and rush out to his garden, where he displayed more energy than skill. But, alas! When many little green things began to break the ground in his neighbors' gardens, his own remained as bare as the Sahara.

"It certainly has got me beat," he confided to a friend at his office one day. "I can't understand why not a blessed thing has come up. I planted peas and corn and tomatoes."

"Perhaps the seed were defective," the friend suggested.

"I hardly think it was that," the gardener replied, "for I got the very best—paid 15 cents a can for them."

ALCOHOL IN MEDICINES.

Seventy-Five Per Cent of Doctors' Prescriptions Call for It.

Now that the National Pure Food and Drugs law is in effect all "patent" medicines in liquid form bear on the label a statement of the percentage of alcohol contained in them. The average amount of alcohol is said to be about ten per cent, some have more and some less, but that is about the average. Alcohol is everywhere recognized as a chemical necessity for the preservation of organic substance from deterioration, and from freezing and it is also required to dissolve substances not soluble in water.

But for the use of a small quantity of alcohol in most ready-to-use medicines those preparations which most families keep constantly on hand would likely be decayed or frozen when their use became necessary.

Alcohol is an indispensable requisite in the fluid extracts and tinctures which are exclusively used in filling prescriptions written by physicians, and these tinctures and extracts contain from 20 to 90 per cent of alcohol. More than 75 per cent of all the liquid medicines prescribed by physicians contain alcohol in large proportions.

Charles A. Rapelye, a leading pharmacist of Hartford, Conn., some time ago examined 25 prescriptions representing a fair average of those written by physicians to be compounded, and none being for specialties. The average amount of alcohol in the whole number was 35 per cent; but of the 25 prescriptions five contained no alcohol, so that the average percentage of the remaining 20 which did contain alcohol was nearly 45 per cent; or more than four times the probable average alcoholic strength of "patent" medicines.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether it is or is not desirable as a stimulant in case of sickness, but there is no difference of opinion as to the necessity for its use as a solvent and preservative in most cases.

The attention of the medical world has recently been called to a manifesto issued by prominent London physicians who, while deploring the evils from the use of alcoholic beverages, are convinced "of the correctness of the opinion so long and generally held, that in disease alcohol is a rapid and trustworthy restorative" and that in many cases it may be truly described as life-preserving, owing to its power to sustain cardiac and nervous energy, while protecting the nitrogenous tissues. This manifesto was issued and signed by T. J. McCull Anderson, M. D., Regius Professor of Medicine, University of Glasgow; Alfred B. Barrs, William H. Bennett, K. C. V. C., F. R. C. S.; James Crichton-Browne; W. E. Dixon, Dyce Duckworth, M. D., L.D.; Thomas R. Fraser, M. D., F. R. S.; T. R. Glyn, W. R. Gomers, M. C., F. R. S.; W. D. Halliburton, M. D., L.D., D. F. R. C. P., F. R. S., Professor of Physiology, King's College London; Jonathan Hutchinson; Edmund Owen, L.D., F. R. C. S. P. H. Pye-Smith, Fred T. Robert, M. D., B. Sc., F. R. C. S.; Edgewood Vennings, F. R. C. S.

The Dyce Duckworth who signed this manifesto was for many years president of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

There is a small boy in this town, says the Baltimore American, the son of a rather distinguished lawyer, who has decided opinions on what constitutes true aristocracy. One day recently a friend called upon his mother, and, while waiting for the hostess, was entertained by the small boy.

"What are you going to do when you grow up?" was the stereotyped question she propounded in the effort to start the conversation.

"Oh, I am going to smoke."

"And chew?"

"And gamble."

"And swear?"

"Really?"

"And drink corn whiskey."

"And why are you going to do such things?" asked the visitor agast.

"Oh, all southern gentlemen do them."

PRIVILEGES OF A GENTLEMAN.

Youngster Probably Will Change Ideas in Course of Time.

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Assaulted His Wife.

Hamilton, O.—Ed Thorpe, who was released by the police, was arrested again, charged with assaulting his wife. Eleven spoons, several of which bore the mark of the Hotel Stroh, were found in his pockets.

President Jordan to Lecture.

President Jordan, of Stanford university, Cal., is on his way to Australia and New Zealand, where he will lecture before the colleges of the Antipodes on the American university system.

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East Liverpool, O.—The bodies of three Italian laborers were found along the tracks of the New Cumberland branch of the Pan-Handle railroad at Kenilworth, W. Va. It is supposed the victims were struck by a train while walking on the track.

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STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

BRUTAL NEGRO

Laid Myers Low With a Bullet. Then His Wife Was Assaulted.

Dayton, O.—Charles Myers, an employee of the Dayton Paper Novelty Co., was shot and severely wounded and his wife criminally assaulted by a brutal negro while the two were walking in a grove near the Soldiers' home.

Mr. and Mrs. Myers have been in the habit of spending Sunday afternoons and evenings in McCabe's park, just east of the Soldiers' home, and in anticipation of enjoying a pleasant 4th they went to the same place. They were about ready to retire from the park when they were suddenly confronted by a short, heavy-set man, who made an insulting remark to them.

Myers retorted, whereupon the assailant drew a revolver and deliberately shot Myers, the bullet entering his right groin. Grabbing the woman by the throat and threatening to kill her if she made an outcry, the would-be murderer, indifferent to the fate of his victim, who lay upon the ground groaning, dragged Mrs. Myers from the scene and assaulted her. The negro escaped.

EMBRACED SON ON PRISON LAWN.

But Cassie Chadwick Turned Her Back On the Rude Crowd.

Columbus, O.—Cassie Chadwick, against her will and for the first time since she has been in the Ohio penitentiary, appeared in public, but it was only because her son, Emil Hoover, of Cleveland, had come to see her.

Cassie desired to remain in the female department and talk with her son. However, the rules of the institution provide that relatives of women prisoners shall meet them on the outside on the Fourth of July, and Cassie, being treated no better than any other prisoner, was compelled to come out in the front yard, where she was clasped in the warm embrace of Emil. She turned her back to the crowd, however.

CRUELTY TO A COW

Charged Against the Senator, Who Is Acquitted By a Jury.

Warren, O.—After being out less than an hour the jury in the case of Senator Thomas Kinsman, charged with cruelty to animals, returned a verdict of not guilty. The case was bitterly fought by both sides and the venire of 20 names was almost exhausted before a jury was secured.

The case was brought and prosecuted by the humane society. The specific charge was cruelty to a cow, which, it was alleged, the senator allowed to lie in his barn for three days without attention.

Four Years For Gaffer.

Columbus, O.—Judge Rogers in the criminal court overruled the motion for a new trial and the arrest of judgment in the case of William B. Moore, local agent of the Western Lumber and Pole Co., of Denver, who was indicted in connection with William Wilcox, former superintendent of the municipal light plant and convicted on the charge of selling fictitious poles to the city and collecting money for poles never delivered. Moore was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary.

Rescuer Was Fined.

Akron, O.—Arthur Wagner, of Barberton, happened to see Harvey Weyrick struggling in the water of the Ohio canal at this place, and dragged him out unconscious. Adopting a style of resuscitation which appears to be entirely original, Wagner kicked him in the stomach while attempting to revive him. Weyrick had Wagner arrested for assault and battery, and his unfortunate rescuer was fined \$5 and costs in the mayor's court.

Bullet Killed "Dip."

Toledo, O.—Henry L. Bates, clever pickpocket and all-round crook of New York city, died at the Toledo hospital as a result of a bullet wound received in a quarrel in "Billy" Herbert's saloon on St. Clair street. The police have redoubled their efforts to apprehend a man known as "Heironomous," a gambler, who is said to have fired the shot.

His Flesh Littered the Field.

Cadiz, O.—Charles Adderhold, 40, an oil-well pumpjack, was blown to atoms in the Adams oil field by nitroglycerin which he had in his shanty. It is thought by some that he committed suicide. Bits of flesh were found in the trees and bushes. He had accumulated enough to purchase a lease with several wells.

Called Him a Dude.

Cleveland, O.—Because he called a man a "dude" Gyorgy Ladanyi must answer a charge of libel. He used the word, it is alleged, in a Hungarian paper printed in this city. Genz Parkas word, it is alleged, in a Hungarian paper charge of libel.

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